

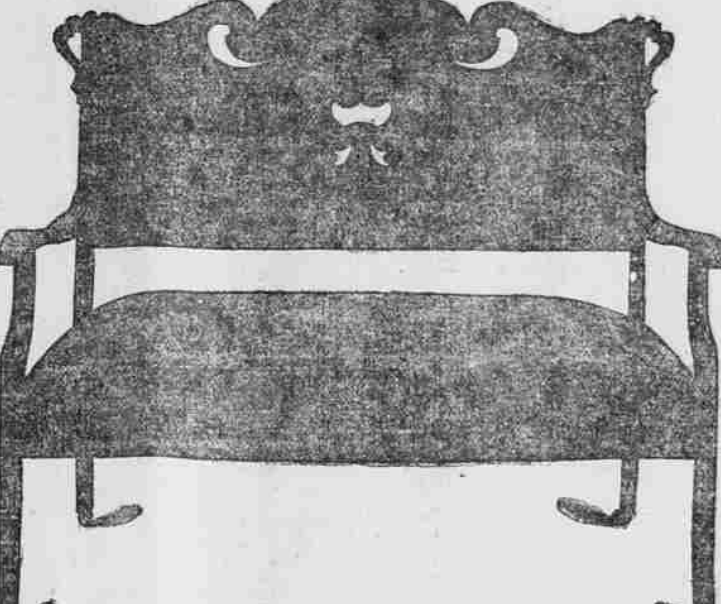
# FREED FURNITURE AND CARPET COMPANY,

18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 EAST THIRD SOUTH STREET.



Are you going to buy any Christmas Presents? If you are do not forget a nice piece of furniture is the nicest thing you could buy, as it is something that is always before the receiver to remind them of the giver.

Our stock is larger now than ever in anticipation of the Holiday Trade. We have everything that is needed in a home from cellar to garret.



If you live out of the city write for our Catalogue and it is yours for the asking. Send for one. It is complete in every detail. We make no charge for packing.

Just received the latest creations in Pictures. Visit our Art room.

We are having this week the Largest Sale of Lace, Silk and Tapestry Curtains ever held in this city.

Five Piece Parlor Suit, Elegantly Finished in Mahogany Frame, Upholstered in Heavy French Velour of Various Colors and designs, was \$45.00, This Week

\$31.50



## CHAPTER V.

Of Reading the Holy Scriptures: Truth, not eloquence, is to be sought for in Holy Scripture. Each part of the Scripture is to be read with the same spirit wherewith it was written. Rom. xv (4). We should rather search after profit in the Scripture than after subtle arguments. We ought to read plain and devout books as willingly as these high and profound. Let not the authority of the writer be a stumbling-block, whether he be of great or small learning; but let the love of pure truth draw thee to read. Cor. ii (4). Enquire not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken.

Men pass away, but the truth of the Lord remaineth forever. Psalm xcvi (2).

God speaks unto us in sundry ways, without respect of persons. Luke xxi (33).

Our own curiosity often hindereth us in reading of the Scriptures, when we will examine and discuss that which we should rather pass over without more ado. If thou desire to profit, read with humility, simplicity, and faithfulness; nor ever desire the route of learning. Enquire willingly and hear with silence the words of holy men. Let not the parables of the Elders displease thee, for they are not given without cause. Prov. i (6).

CHAPTER VI.  
Of Inordinate affections: Whenever a man desireth anything inordinately, he becometh presently disquieted in himself. The proud and covetous can never rest. The poor and humble in spirit dwell in the multitude of peace.

The man that is not yet perfectly dead to himself is quickly tempted and overcome in small and trifling things. The weak in spirit and he that is yet in a manner carnal and prone to the things of sense, can hardly withdraw himself altogether from earthly desires. And, therefore, he is often afflicted when he goeth about to withdraw himself from them; and is easily angered when he hath followed his appetite, he is presently disquieted with re-

THEOBALD WOLF TONE.  
Amid the gloom of a chill autumnal evening, in "fatal but glorious '98," one hundred and one years ago last Sunday, calmly and peacefully passing away his life, there lay on a Dublin pillow one of the grandest, most heroic men whom that stirring epoch produced—Theobald Wolfe Tone. Born in 1790, he was a mere schoolboy when the American revolution began, but young as he was, the inspiration of the event flashed in upon his soul, and his electric principles were there inscribed in letters of ineffaceable flame. He studied law and was called to the bar, but the dull routine of the profession was too tame and prosaic for such a spirit as his. He was a born revolutionist, and unfortunately the condition of his native land afforded full scope for his best endeavors, in that line.

Wolfe Tone was a Protestant, but as he grew to manhood all his sympathies went out toward his plundered and degraded Catholic countrymen. He set himself the task of uniting together Irishmen of every creed, and to further his project he accepted the position of secretary of the Catholic committee. When reverses began to overtake the French arms, England's conciliatory measures ceased and steps were taken toward undoing the work of '92. The volunteers were disbanded, their arms withdrawn and hired mercenaries poured in. Out of this state of affairs grew the United Irishmen—ardent, tolerant, patriotic, republican, mistaken and impracticable. The parent club was founded by Tone, its professed object being civil disabilities of the Irish Catholics. The association grew apace, but its leading spirits soon perceived the futility of peaceful methods. The foreign government was slowly but surely crushing them as well as the Papists, so, with the instincts of freedom, they changed base and began to preach insurrection. Tone saw that the issue must be total separation or subjugation. The plot was discovered and Tone sought temporary refuge in exile, settling down on a New Jersey farm, where urgent letters soon reached him, stating that Ireland was ripe for revolt, but lacked military training

captured, hurried to Dublin in chains, and tried by drumhead court-martial. Despite a brilliant impassioned plea, in the course of which he vindicated the policy of his life, he was condemned to be hanged within forty-eight hours. Rather than give them the gratification of disgracing his uniform and gloating over his ignominious end, he, unfortunately for his reputation as a Christian and a man of fortitude, opened a vein in his neck with the blade of a penknife. He lingered for a week, and the government was in favor of taking him out and strangling him, half dead and wounded though he was, and would have done so, only they dreaded the effect upon the nation. On the 19th of November he died, adding an honored name to the long roll of Ireland's ill-starred patriots.

## GENERAL JOUBERT.

Next to Oom Paul, the most popular man in the little Republic is General Joubert, the military commander of the Boer forces. General Joubert is not, as is commonly supposed, of a quarrelsome disposition, but believes in peaceful arbitration rather than a resort to arms. He is vice president of the Republic, and twice has been defeated by a small majority for the Presidency, running in opposition to President Kruger.

General Joubert holds much more liberal views concerning the Uitlander franchise than President Kruger. He believes that the applicant for privileges should be put to a test of three or four years' nativity to the country, placing himself under oath to defend it in peace or war. If, after that time, the applicant has shown that he has been true to the national interests and its laws, General Joubert believes that the Uitlander should enjoy equal rights with the native burgher.

The diplomacy of General Joubert is almost as much a subject of comment as that of President Kruger. In fact, there are numerous stories told of his success in accomplishing many things wherein Mr. Kruger failed. Among others, is an incident which occurred immediately after the Jameson raid, and which will be given here exactly as related by a participant in the affair, who related the same to one of our American travelers. The story illustrates the general's method of dealing with his own people.

"Shortly after Jameson and his officers were brought to Pretoria, President Kruger called about twenty of the Boer commanders to his house for a consultation. The townspeople were highly excited, and the presence of the men who had tried to destroy the Republic aggravated their condition, so that there were few calm minds in the capital. President Kruger was deeply affected by the seriousness of the events of the days before, but counseled all to present to be calm. There were some in the gathering who advised that Jameson and his men should be shot immediately, while one man foolishly remarked that they should not be treated so leniently, and suggested that a way to make them suffer would be to cut off their ears.

"One of the men who was obliged to leave the meeting gave this account to the waiting throngs in the street, and a few hours afterward the cable had carried the news to Europe and America, with the result that the Boers were called brutal and inhuman. President Kruger used all his influence and eloquence to save the lives of the prisoners, and for a long time he was unsuccessful in securing the least amount of sympathy for Jameson and his men.

"It was dawn when General Joubert was won to the President's way of thinking, and he continued the argument in behalf of the prisoners.

## ADVENT.

Another Ecclesiastical or Christian year is passed and gone, with all its sorrows and joys, all its opportunities and blessings. The new year begins with the first Sunday in Advent, Dec. 3. What does this season mean? What is its purpose? It is an article of the faith, which we daily profess in our creed, and which is taught in Holy Scripture, that all men shall rise again in their bodies at the last day, to be judged according to their works. And that "He shall come again with glory to judge the quick and the dead." The time of Advent cannot be considered festive, nor can it be classed among the movable feasts; and yet the first day of Advent is, in another sense, movable, inasmuch as it happens at different days on the fourth Sunday before Christmas—which festival itself falls on different days of the week. Advent means coming, and the four weeks whereof it consists represent the four thousand years which preceded that coming of the Son of God into three worlds.

There are certain times and seasons in the religious year as well as in the business year that call us for speeded action and attention, and the brief season of Advent that we are about to enter is one of them.

Merchants, as you know, take an abate count of stock at regular intervals; business concerns of every kind close up their gains. So it is with our Holy Mother Church. Lent and Advent are our seasons of religious accounting, after their importance as a help in working out our salvation can not be questioned.

Jesus Christ our Saviour is the author of our redemption, and the source of all our profit and the concern of the soul. Holy Church, guided by an instinct that is manifestly divine, has set apart the season before Christmas and the season before His agony and crucifixion as the special times for us to pause and consider what progress we are making in the way of salvation. At this holy season, the Church appeals to us as loyal children to prepare for the coming of the Infant Saviour.

The voice of Advent is the voice of the Baptist crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths," and the spirit of repentance in the response, "That is sought in every Catholic soul. It is not the time for us to arise from the defilements of sin.

What meaning can this holy season have to any soul in the state of mortal sin? He who is in mortal sin is not prepared to offer due homage to the Babe of Bethlehem.

## ST. ANDREW.

Holy Mother Church celebrates on next Thursday, Nov. 30, the Feast of St. Andrew the Apostle. St. Andrew was one of the twelve apostles of Christ, and brother, perhaps elder brother, of St. Peter, and became a disciple of St. John Baptist. He seemed always eager to bring others into notice. When called by Christ, he was the first to go in search of his brother, and he said, "We have found the Messiah," and he brought him to Jesus. It was he again who, when Christ wished to feed the 5,000 in the desert, pointed out the little lad with the five loaves and fishes. St. Andrew went forth upon his mission to plant the faith in Scotland and Greece, and at the end of years of toil to win a martyr's crown. After suffering a cruel scourging at Patrae in the reign of the Emperor Nero, he was crucified on a cross of his own design. When St. Andrew first caught sight of the gibbet on which he was to die, he greeted the cross with a joyful cry, "Oh, good cross! thou art my friend, my brother, my limb of Christ, so long desired, now so happily found! Receive me into thy arms and present me to my Master, who has loved me from the first, and through this may now accept me from thee." Two whole days the martyr remained hanging on this cross alive, preaching with outstretched arms from this chair of truth to all who came near, and entreating them not to hinder his passion.

Death Mgr. Jessing. Mgr. Jessing, soldier, priest and philanthropist and founder of the famous seminary, Josephinum, died in Columbus, O., last week.

Mgr. Jessing had been one of much interest and labor. He was born in Munster, Germany, on Nov. 17, 1836, and received his primary education there. He was in the army for five years and participated in the war of 1864-66. He came to this country in 1867 and continued his studies for the priesthood. He was ordained July 18, 1870, and was then appointed rector of Sacred Heart Church, Pomeroy, O. On May 1, 1874, he published the first issue of a German Catholic paper, known as the Waisenn, with the intention of building and maintaining an orphan asylum with the profits accruing from its publication. He afterwards founded a free seminary. The Josephinum, which is in a flourishing condition.

## BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dear Nephews and Nieces: Thanks for your bright interesting little letters. We will gladly publish them. Be good children and write very often to Aunt Busy.

Intermountain Catholic.

## WARDROBES.

Double Wardrobes, antique finish, worth \$12.50; this week—

\$7.95

Oak front Wardrobes, well made, worth \$15.00; this week—

\$9.65

## MAD.

51, 53, 55

I know a naughty little elf. Who never can behave himself; He beats his drum when grandma's cap is nodding for a cozy nap. Upon a printed picture frame: 'Twas he who left the gate unbarred; 'Twas he who nibbled Lucy's cake; She took such pains to mix and bake; 'Twas he who cracked his fluted ice; This little elf upset the milk; He went to school with muddy shoes; Though grandma very sure to scold; Against his mamma's sternest wish; He took the sugar from the dish; He lost a pen and spilled the ink; 'Twas he who made our spirits sink; This troublesome "I don't know!"

## ONE LITTLE KITTEN, ONE LITTLE MAID.

One little kitten with a lingling bell, Two little eyes, and don't you tell; Two little ears, and don't you tell; Four little legs, and don't you tell; Five little lumps of the yellow cream; Six little lumps of the yellow cream; For one little maid with two little hands; Makes three little steps to the broom as she blows.

## SOME TIME.

Last night, my darling, as you slept, I thought I heard you sigh. And to your little crib I crept. And I then stooped and kissed your brow. For, oh I love you so— You are too young to know it now. But some time you shall know!

Some time when, in a darkened place Where others come to weep, Your eyes shall look upon a face "Alone and lonely, and forlorn," The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow, The patient smile shall show— Made up of a single tear— But some time you may know!

Look backward, then, into the years, And see me here tonight— See, Oh my darling, how my tears Are falling as I write! And feel once more upon your brow The kiss of long ago— You are too young to know it now, But some time you may know! ENGINE FIELD.

Betty and the Books. "Do you really think there are any fairies, giants or goblins?" asked Charley of his older sister Betty.

prince always rescued the princess and killed the dragon; when, hearing a buzzing, she looked up. Above her, on one of the book shelves, she saw Anderson's fairy tales, ragged and torn, and lying in a very excited manner to his friend, Robinson Crusoe. The latter was short and stout, and his legs were thin and bowed. His coat was shabby and frayed at the edges from much handling, for he was a great favorite with Betty, and her brothers and sisters as well.

"It is very queer," said Hans, "that folks don't believe in me. It makes me uncomfortable. I am a very good friend of all the children, and was a friend of their mothers when they were young. I have told them wonderful tales of enchanted princesses and dreadful ogres, of dancing fairies, ugly ducklings, friendly bears and fairy godmothers, when they had colds and could not get out to play, or when it rained too hard, have whiled away many an hour for them, and worn myself out trying to please them; but when they grow older they shut me up in a dark box and send me to an old musty garret."

"Yes," said Robinson Crusoe, "it's too sad they treat me the same way. I'm holding on to me a little longer, perhaps; they mark up my pictures and paint my cheeks brick-red, and my eyes sky blue, when everybody knows they are brown. It isn't respectful."

"I think you are too hard on the children," broke in dear old Mother Goose. "You only remember the bad treatment you have received, and forget all about the many years you were loved upon. Think how often you are loved! Then mamma asks what she has said."

The kindly speech of "Mother Goose" was a great friend of the children; and Hans, Anderson and Robinson Crusoe feel very much ashamed of themselves; but they were to be punished still more, for Mother Goose had hardly finished talking when she spoke of Nicholas, a pompous, handsome little gentleman, in a red coat with black trimmings.

"You don't deserve to be so well treated and have so prominent a place on the shelves. You are old-fashioned and rusty. You ought to be sold to the rag man or sent down to Mary to start the kitchen fire."

Nicholas, thinking he had said enough, leaned back in his place between Swiss Family Robinson and Gulliver's Travels, and snubbed.

Betty was very much surprised to hear the books talk, and made up her mind to treat kind Mother Goose and dear old Nicholas as if they were not there. She was disturbed by a very deep voice coming from the corner. Looking around quickly she saw Webster's Dictionary in earnest conversation with the Encyclopedia. Mr. Webster, very handsomely dressed in sheepskin trimmed with red, was sitting on the edge of the shelf with his legs dangling over. Mrs. Encyclopedia had a great many children, all the same size as their mother, and dressed exactly alike. They were lesteled on their backs, so that one could tell which was which.

THE LITANY OF LORETO AND THE ROSARY.  
When we say the Litany of Loreto, we call the Blessed Virgin by many names of love and respect. Sometimes children find it hard to understand what some of these names mean.

The first and most beautiful title we can give to the Blessed Virgin is that of Mother—"Mother of Christ," "Mother of Divine Grace." We call Our Lady that name, for, as Jesus is the source or fountain of grace, all graces flow from Him, and through Him, from his holy Mother, "Mother-Most Pure," "most chaste," "Immaculate," "undefiled." All these words mean that Our Lady is absolutely spotless; not even the stain of original sin ever touched her for a single minute.

"Mother most amiable," that is, most loving and most worthy of love; "most admirable," the being whom we venerate above all others, "Virgin most venerable," that is, whom we venerate or respect; "Virgin most renowned," that is, most great, most famous; for what Christian is there in the whole world who does not know of Our Lady's greatness?

"Mirror of Justice," which means the very mirror or reflection of truth and justice. "Seat of Wisdom," for was not Our Lady taught by God himself, the fount of all wisdom? "Spiritual Vessel," "Vessel of Honor," "Singular Vessel of Divine Grace." We call Our Lady that name, for, as Jesus is the source or fountain of grace, all graces flow from Him, and through Him, from his holy Mother, "Mother-Most Pure," "most chaste," "Immaculate," "undefiled." All these words mean that Our Lady is absolutely spotless; not even the stain of original sin ever touched her for a single minute.

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